

The Sketch

No. 1242—Vol. XCVI.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



IN "HALF-PAST EIGHT"—NOW AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE: Mlle. YVONNE GRANVILLE.

Mlle. Yvonne Granville was one of the successes of "Half-Past Eight," at the Comedy, playing several parts, and, for a while, putting on the gloves with the redoubtable Jimmy Wilde, during that Welsh Wizard's engagements for the Turkish-de-Light Bath

scene of the revue. "Half-Past Eight" is now at the London Opera House, and Mlle. Granville is as charming in it there as she was at another place. Her popularity is firmly established wherever she may appear.—[*Photograph by Bertram Park.*]

PACE SIR HORACE—A BEDSTEAD (HISTORIC).



A SOUVENIR OF A GREAT ACTOR: DAVID GARRICK'S BED, AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM..

A glimpse of the private life of a man of whom the grave and sententious Dr. Johnson could declare that "his death eclipsed the gaiety of nations" will interest playgoers for all time, and Mr. H. E. Trevor, a direct descendant of David Garrick's brother George, will be thanked by all who know the story of the great actor for this presentation. The bedstead was made about 1775 for Garrick's villa at Hampton. It has a wooden canopy with decorated columns. The hangings of cotton, painted in colours, with designs of

the "Tree of Life" type, were made in a factory of the East India Company, at Masulipatam, Madras, and were presented to Garrick by merchants of Calcutta. On their arrival from Calcutta they were apparently detained for some time by the Customs House officials, for the donor possesses letters of Garrick's in which he humorously complains. The bedstead remained at the villa until the sale in 1864. It is exhibited in Room 57 of the Woodwork Galleries in the Museum. We reproduce our illustration by courtesy of the Director.

IN REVUE AND A FUTURIST BALLET: GRACES THREE.



1. A LADY FROM SPAIN IN "EXTRA SPECIAL": MISS CHLOE O'HARA.

2. AN OFFICE BOY WHO BECOMES A MANAGERESS, IN "PICK-A-DILLY": MISS AMY ELLIOTT.

3. TO APPEAR IN A FUTURIST BALLET AT THE LITTLE THEATRE: MISS OLGA MORRISON.

Miss Chloe O'Hara is in the new revue at the Kingsway Theatre, "Extra Special." In the Newspaper Office scene at the beginning she appears as Still Another Advertiser, and in the Garden scene as one of the Dollar Princesses. Later she assists in an amusing incident in which, as a muscular Lady from Spain, she gives a shy young man (Mr Lupino Lane) a first lesson in one of the arts of self-defence, and in the ardour of the contest simply "wipes the floor" with him.—Miss Amy Elliott has a prominent part or rather,

succession of parts, in "Pick-a-Dilly," the revue at the Pavilion. In the Dressing-Room scene she is a highly entertaining Show Lady. Next she appears as Erb, an Office Boy, in "Our Tyrants," and later we find her promoted, as it were, to the position of Manageress, of the Q.T. Rooms. Yet again, she is one of the Pompadours.—Miss Olga Morrison, we are informed, is to be seen in a Futurist Ballet which Miss Margaret Morris is arranging to produce at the Little Theatre on November 30.

Camera-Portrait of Miss Olga Morrison by E. O. Hoppe.



PURÉE DE POMMES DE TERRE.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

HOW thoughtless and contradictory we all are! There's nothing you and I, and everyone, would not do for a wounded soldier, is it not? Well, the other day on a week-end trip to Bournemouth I was struck to see a notice written on a certain number of benches: "For wounded soldiers only." A resident of Bournemouth explained to me that this notice had been rendered necessary by the fact that ordinary people—those who have not been to the war—would occupy every seat, while damaged heroes had nowhere to rest. "But," I said, "there must not be enough of those benches—see what a number of soldiers in blue are sitting on the railings, while all those selfish muftis are cramming the benches."

"These are benches for soldiers, in fact," said he; "but people are not paying any attention to the notice."

I was so indignant I wished I were strong enough to lift one end of the seat and transfer all the thoughtless ones to the ground!

And about Wounded Tommies, didn't they enjoy themselves last week at the Savoy! (who wouldn't? will you say.) There was a most excellent programme. Leslie Henson, who had been singing, gagging, and gaying at the Central Hall in the cause of sweet but exacting Charity, came nevertheless to the Savoy afterwards and duetted delightfully with Mr. Davy Burnaby to everybody's great joy. Many other famous and kind artists "cheeroed" the four hundred soldiers with great success.

In fact, the teas are going on stronger than ever, and hostesses have to book tables weeks in advance.

We have been pricking our fingers and saving our scraps of paper money in view of the Red Cross Week and of Kitchener's Day, economising all we can, buying one hat a week instead of the three we wanted, wearing a sixpenny bunch of violets, instead of a branch of orchids, those beautiful beasts of flowers, and being generally self-denying. And then we went and spent it all in one week—and we'll be farthingless when start the sales. Still, we don't regret it!

Between lending an ear to a Charity Concert, a hand to a Charity Bridge, and two feet to a Charity Dance, it is the thing to devote our two eyes to Crystal-Gazing. It gives one the soulful look which is quite fashionable again. In fact, it is not at all a bad idea to be "surprised" *chez soi* in one of those rest-gowns (that may be Greek, but are certainly graceful; you know—a girdle and cute folds)—to be surprised, I say, looking intently into a glass ball: to see or not to see, but that is not the question! One takes oneself and one's crystal ball to the famous portrait-painter, to the

fashionablest photographer, and the result is: "Have you seen the latest portrait of Lady Somesoul: such a spiritual look, my dear!"

Went the other day to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields to hear Mr. H. B. Irving preach or, speak, rather, "On the Amusement of the People." It is probably the first time an actor has been invited to address a real congregation in a real church. We have progressed from the excommunication times, is it not?

I wish Mr. H. B. Irving would preach oftener. His elocution, of course, besides his charm of manner, must be a cause of envy with many preachers.

His theme was that amusement, even on Sundays, is the right thing, more especially in these *triste* times, and that the present crisis will most likely revolutionise the attitude towards Sunday amusement.

He considers that religious devotion and entertainment are not necessarily inconsistent with a Christian Sunday. (Hear, hear!)

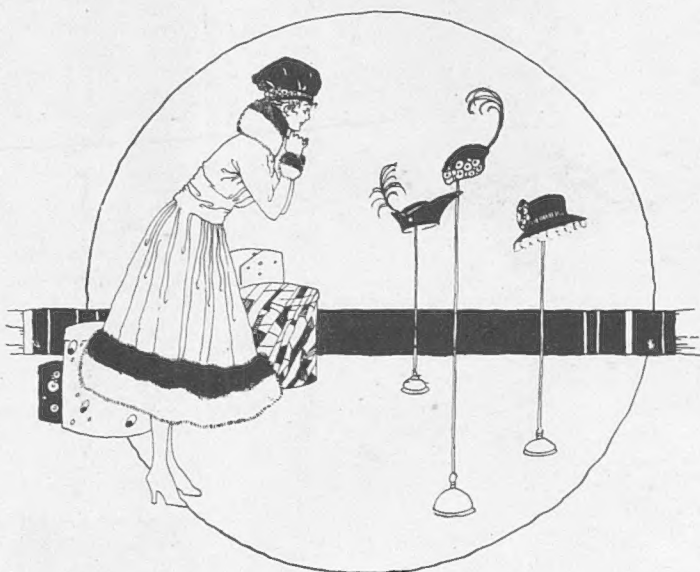
Lots of smart people were there. We said a fervent little prayer for you.

Once more Whitechapel has become the pilgrimage of Society, as when that wonderful Yiddish actor (I forget his name) was drawing all the *mondaines* to the East End Theatre. These days it is the collection of caricatures we go to see. A mighty arm is caricature. How poignant these war cartoons, how tragic, and what a terrible instrument of justice—how awful in their risibility. We say in French, "*c'est le ridicule qui tue*," to which let us all add a fervent "Amen"!

And apropos of pilgrimages and distant journeys. You know how independent the fossil chauffeur has become now that, with all his young *confrères* at the Front, there's no competition to curb his—let's say, spirit. The other night, You and She had great trouble in securing a taxi. At twelve o'clock—that is, when he is most needed—the taxi man, like

Cinderella, vanishes into nowhere; and just when You were about to give the address, the chauffeur barked suddenly in a voice so gruff that it made her jump, "Where d'you want to go?" Upon which You answered with the suavest smile, "Where would you *like* to go?"! But the London chauffeur has, if curt manners, at least a strong sense of humour; that one had the good grace to grin and to take the hint.

To appreciate the full flavour of my title you must know that



"Buying one hat a week, instead of the three we wanted."



"What's wrong with Jerusalem artichokes?"

"purie" means, as well as "mashed," a dearth of, poverty, being in the soup, "napoo," see?

And apropos of "napoo," you have assured me again and again that it was the all-sufficient, always right, and entirely adequate expression—the key, the code, the miracle-working word. I ask nothing better than to believe everything you say; but, even accepting that, in the matter of buying and bargaining, paying and remonstrating, "napoo" achieves wonders, do you claim for it the same enlightening properties, say, in a sentimental conversation? Suppose that in your billet you are smiled sweetly at by a most pleasing young woman, don't you think that trying to express your regard and admiration by saying "napoo" would rather close the subject, what?

But, perhaps, in moments of great excitement, an uprush of eloquence bubbles out of your sub-conscious vocabulary, as happened to the hero of the following little story, told me over luncheon by a most entertaining You. If you know the story, skip it, it may have tramped from trench to trench, for all I know.

Well, then. A young Tommy billeted in a little farm was one day smoking his pipe, or writing to his Phrynette, or contemplating the landscape from the window, while his hostess was busying herself over the potato patch, when suddenly his attention was attracted by a cow, the only cow of the farm, which had been grazing with a great show of gluttony the while forming plans of escape.

Their eyes met, the cow winked as if to say: "I know you won't tell on me, you simpleton, you can't talk our language, you can't!"

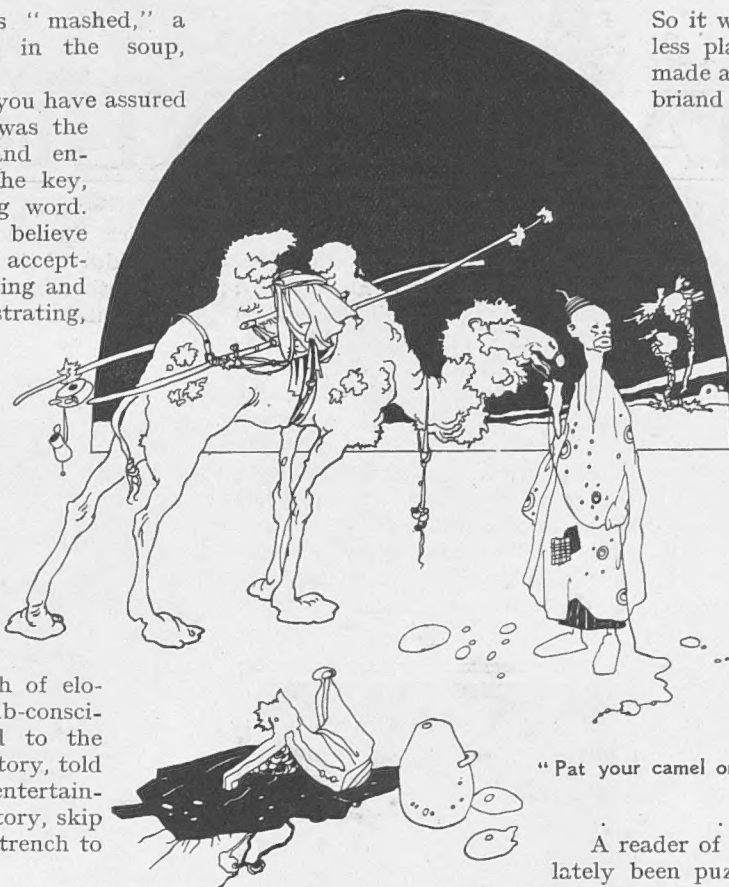
Upon which she ambled slowly with dignity and determination towards the open gate. Once on the road it would mean a race to catch her. Tommy made a desperate effort to warn the woman while it was yet time, and this is what he managed to shout: "Hi, Madum, doo lait, promener!" (Some milk promenading!)

Whether the woman understood she guessed, which is much she missed her constitutional, stood is doubtful, but quicker, and the canny after all!



"When a married woman throws plates at her husband, and tears up the carpet."

Are potatoes necessary to your happiness and health? It seems, judging by the Press, that there is a potato panic threatening. Well, I am not sure it is not a rather good thing. It will teach the English cook that the earth really grows other vegetables! What is wrong with lentils, or beans, or Jerusalem artichokes?—or rice, or turnips, or macaroni (or is not macaroni a vegetable?) Potatoes are quite nice, and wholesome, and modest, and dignified (even *sautées*!) but isn't it rather a national vice with you? Like opium with the Chinese, and garlic with the Marseillais?—and chewing-gum with the American? Both opium and garlic and chewing-gum thrown in are much worsen, I know; but all unbreakable habits are immoral.



"Pat your camel on its two humps for me."

So it won't harm England to contemplate a potato-less plate for some time. French cookery never made a fetish of potatoes, though it crowns Chateaubriand with them!—indeed, we had to be tricked into adopting the potato in our diet. Would it amuse you to know that the worthy Parmentier, who, we are told at school, first introduced the potato in France, had to post a picket of soldiers all around his potato plot before his countrymen had any curiosity or

desire to eat his discovery? Once it became so jealously guarded, of course, it became also interesting and desirable! So Parmentier's ruse succeeded, potatoes were stolen during the night while the soldiers snored reassuringly; then they were devoured (not the soldiers!), and being found good, were praised and planted, *et voilà*!

A reader of mine who is studying my native tongue has lately been puzzling over the word "temperament," which, he says, we French are using in a slightly different way, though the difference, he confesses, is so subtle as to elude him. He sends me the following cutting out of an American magazine; unfortunately, the title and date of the paper are missing—

"In a woman temperament is the volume of irritability she is allowed to show; in a man it represents the proportion of the feminine in his construction.

"Temperament is always feminine. When a married woman throws plates at her husband and tears up the carpet, she has within her the makings of a great artist; all she needs are technique, a Press agent, and a divorce—hitherto her energies have been misdirected.

"Temperament is the difference between character and genius; that is, it marks the point where character leaves off and genius begins. When there is enough temperament, and if it is properly directed, genius results; when not, you secure board at a lunatic asylum.

"Temperament is the *n*th power of selfishness, the supreme anarchist of the mind. When you begin to feel bombs going off inside of you, and they are counting the dead, and you see a kind-faced posterity looming in the distance, then prepare for every emergency; send for an alienist and a reporter. For when the next bulletin is megaphoned, you may be either a member, or the father superior of a new Cult."

Well, the definition seems to apply equally to the French word; the difference which teases you is probably the slang use of "temperament" for "persistency, determination," such as, for instance, in the phrase: "What, you walk two miles every day, in all weathers, to go and meet your husband at the station? *Vous en avez du tempérament!*"—just as when she throws plates at him, see?

To a Fleet Street Confrère, now a You.

Thank you for your charming letter. It would be no trouble at all, if you will tell me exactly. Send that sovereign to the Red Cross Fund. I am glad that paragraph recalled pleasant memories. Shall I tell Mrs. M.?

To Captain E.—How do you feel, now? Have you landed yet? Hope that Grandmother Something-or-Other's Syrup (or is it pills?) counterbalanced Neptune's nasty little tricks? Pat your camel on its two humps for me (or is it the dromedary?) and don't cultivate them yourself.



"It is now the correct thing to devote one's two eyes to crystal-gazing."

SMALL TALK

MUCH talk has been floating round about Lord Lansdowne's deal in a Van Dyck.

There is no incentive to a little gossip like a mystery, and when the mystery has to do with the price of a picture it's all the surer of discussion. The other day I was told two prices—the right one in each case, mind you—but as they varied by several thousands of guineas I have my doubts, at any rate of one of them. Lord Lansdowne's name as seller, coupled with Van Dyck's as artist, carries a suggestion of something handsome. Hegot a hundred thousand for Rembrandt's "Mill" a few years back. And Mr. Edmund Davis's name as buyer has no mean associations. His Whistlers may not have been bought at the top of the market, but they give tone to that side of his collection; and, as a consistent lover of only what is best in pictures of all periods, he has often paid handsomely for his treasures.

The Innocent Experts.

But the funny thing about the talk and the impressively "newsy" heading in the *Times* is that they are so very belated. People really in the know remembered that Mr. Davis bought the Lansdowne Van Dyck sixteen years ago!—and now Mr. Davis is anxious, in the face of last week's antiquated discovery, to have it known that he is not buying extravagantly expensive canvases during the war, and that he made this big splash long before the close time for acquiring famous Old Masters. Both Mr. Davis and Lord Lansdowne are knowledgeable men in regard to works of art of the higher order, though I remember Lord Lansdowne once saying that he was quite unacquainted with the less sacred mysteries of the sale-rooms.

Treating the Soil.

Lady Carlisle only followed an example set by her late husband when she gave her wine, the other day, to the dry earth. But it was not even dry, by the way. Yorkshire had its fair share of rain before the event; the sod was saturated, and showed no thirst for the excellent vintages which Lady Carlisle poured out upon the grounds of

Castle Howard. When the Earl succeeded to his estates in 1889, one of the first steps he took was to shut all the public-houses on the various estates under his control. The deed was done in his name, and he it was who faced the music. Now, when the Countess does something drastic on the same lines, we speak of her as following the marital example. But when those houses were closed he and she had already been married twenty-five years, and in the light of this later-day incident—done,

politics, the other the father's, and sat on oppo, site sides of the House. Of the two parents the mother was generally regarded as the more powerful force in the world of politics; and, despite the Earl's official standing, the *Times*

admitted as much at the time of his death. Therein you have one living argument for Women's Suffrage, a caused dear to the Countess—that while a woman may be, and is, capable of establishing herself as a stronger worker for a Party than an illustrious husband, she is denied the meagre privilege of one bare vote on her own account.

Lady Helen's Babies.



MOTHER OF A LITTLE SON: LADY MARY CRICHTON.

Lady Mary Crichton is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. George Crichton, M.V.O., Coldstream Guards, brother of the Earl of Erne. Lady Mary Crichton was, before her marriage, Lady Mary Dawson, daughter of the Earl of Dartrey.—[Photo. by Val l'Estrange.]

To the writers of congratulatory letters, who must vary the formula but avoid jocularity, the Cassel twins present the usual difficulty—a momentary hitch in the flow of the pen; which insists upon writing "mother and child" when it means mother and children. Lady Helen herself will not be overwhelmed by the event; she is already accustomed to the claims of the domestic life, though a few years ago she was working heart and soul for her husband's election campaign. Since then, 25, Bryanston Square has become more and more beholden to extreme youth for its liveliness.

Lady Helen Cassel has several neighbours in the like case; and Belgrave Square, inhabited by both Lady Howard de Walden and Lady Arthur Paget, gives "high-brow" sanction to double births. Lord and Lady Linlithgow, not long ago, became

the parents of twins. The event is common enough. A little further back, twins were born to Lord and Lady Kinnoul; a year before that, Lord and Lady Dudley and one of Lord Dudley's brothers were likewise favoured; before that, it was Lord and Lady Carrick; and, if one takes a further survey, Lord Dalhousie (in 1887), Lord Clifden, the first Baron Swansea, and Lord Vivian must be named. Agar-Robartes had a twin-sister, who, nevertheless, was not allowed to accompany him to the House; but the brothers Morrison-Bell have chimed together as the "Westminster Bells."



TO MARRY MAJOR F. H. HORNSBY, R.F.A.: THE HON. MURIEL STRUTT. Miss Muriel Strutt is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Belper and sister of the present Baron. Major Hornsby is the eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Francis Hornsby.—[Photograph by Swaine.]



TO MARRY MISS MAUD MARY COOPER: SIR WILLIAM JAMES THOMAS.

Sir William Thomas is the well-known and wealthy Welsh coal-owner and philanthropist. Miss Cooper, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Cooper, of Hesse House, Bexhill, is Assistant-Matron at the King Edward VII. Hospital, Cardiff, to which institution Sir William Thomas is a generous friend. He has recently given £100,000 to establish a Welsh National Medical School.

Photograph by Lafayette.

as the butler would put it, entirely on her own—we may begin to wonder who may have been the prime mover in the business of the closures.

Rosalind, Countess of Carlisle.

On some points, however, the Countess never convinced her husband. After the Home Rule split in 1886 the Earl became a Chamberlainite, the lady remained an out-and-out Liberal. One son followed the mother's



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT T. V. HUGHES: MISS MABEL CURTEIS. Miss Curteis is the daughter of Colonel H. Curteis, Rifle Brigade, of Hove, and great-grand-daughter of Sir Henry Bessemer, of Bessemer steel fame. Lieutenant Hughes, Royal Naval Air Service, is the son of Mr. George Hughes, J.P., of Abbey Hill, Kirn, Argyllshire.—[Photo. by Val l'Estrange.]



A BRIDE OF TO-DAY: MISS D. M. BOWATER (MRS. NORMAN SALMON). Miss Doris Margaret Bowater, whose marriage is arranged to take place at Croydon to-day (Nov. 15), is the younger daughter of Sir T. Vansittart Bowater, Lord Mayor of London, 1913-14. Lieutenant Salmon is in the 31st Leicestershire Regiment.

Photograph by Langflier.

AMBASSADORIAL EXPRESSIONS: THE MORTON MANNER.



FACIAL MOBILISATION: M. LÉON MORTON'S COMMAND OF COUNTENANCE, AS SEEN IN "PELL MELL,"
AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

As everyone knows, the success of "Pell Mell," the revue at the Ambassadors' Theatre, has been mainly due to M. Léon Morton and Mlle. Delysia. M. Morton has become one of the most popular of London's stage humourists in recent years. As our photographs show, his range of facial expressions is remarkable. "Pell Mell," it

may be recalled, is now in its sixth month, and has recently been revised. The new version includes an amusing burlesque of "Chu Chin Chow," the big production at His Majesty's Theatre, in which M. Morton parodies the character played by Mr. Oscar Asche to very telling effect.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES

BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot")

The Art of the Oath.

Well, having read the remarks of Mrs. Rose, of the Baptist Women's League, on the subject of bad language, I am rather surprised and pained myself. Mrs. Rose was trying, rightly enough, to persuade women not to use bad language. Rightly enough, as I say, because a woman using bad language merely makes herself ridiculous. There is a great art in the application of the oath. Few men master it, and no women. Women should not swear at all; men very rarely.

Bishops have been known to rap out an oath with great effect; but a Bishop who was always rapping out oaths would be intolerable. The very idea is hideous.

The oath should be used in the male conversation as sparingly as the vinegar in a salad. Your bargee is a very poor conversationalist, yet many men of education seek to rival his prolific use of dull oaths.

On the stage, the use of the oath is much abused. Because there are a certain number of fluffy-minded idiots in every audience who will giggle at the word "damn," that should not encourage the dramatist or the gagging actor to rap out a "damn" twenty times an evening. When "Charley's Aunt" said, "Well, of all the damned silly stories—!" it was really funny. The word had to be used in precisely that way and at that moment. But, had it been used again in the same play, there would have been no laugh.

The Sainly Sex.

However, to return to the surprise and pain caused by the observations of Mrs. Rose. Her arguments against the employment of the oath by women are neither artistic nor, perhaps, will be wholly convincing. Women, she seems to imply, should not swear because they can score better without swearing. In their dealings with other women, for example—

"I have scores of times known women mortally to wound other women with a sweet smile, a patronising caress, a honeyed word, or a carefully casual remark. I have done it myself; I have had it done to me. Three or more amiable women never meet without at least one severe casualty."

Life in the Baptist Women's League? I cannot understand! And this is how the woman may score over the male—

"Whenever a husband and wife come to loggerheads, the wife keeps back her main offensive until her husband swears. The most Chesterfieldian husband can be provoked into bad language by any wife of ordinary skill. Directly he swears he has lost the fight."

So that the moral seems to run rather like this—

- (1) Save your own soul by not swearing.
- (2) Provoke your husband into risking his.

Mrs. Rose, of course, is only joking. But she may have put an idea into the heads of the husbands of the Baptist's Women's League. If the smile is greater than the oath, the strap is greater than the smile. A lot of well-seasoned straps will return from France.

The Perennial Hero.

The young policeman, I notice, is being called upon to leave the force and join the Army. From the wording of certain notes and articles on this topic, one might suppose that the young policeman was reluctant to change his job. This is an unfair insinuation.

The policeman is a perennial hero. He works, for the most part, in solitude. He never knows what he will meet next. He is expected to have his courage always on tap; and, as a matter of fact, he has. The public appear to think that there is something in the uniform of a policeman which renders him immune from danger. But there is not. He is not provided with a steel helmet, or a bullet-proof waistcoat, or a gas-mask, or a rifle, or a revolver. He has a suit of blue and a piece of wood. He must never use the piece of wood except at the point of death.

The policeman is his own General. There is no concerted plan of action against the enemy. He is walking down a quiet street or a quiet road, and suddenly finds himself called upon to search a

dark house for two or three armed and desperate men. He invariably does it. He goes straight in and rummages about, asking to be potted at. Or he may be sent to hound down a band of armed poachers. I have known him to be stabbed and flung into a canal. Yet no band plays when he parts from his wife each night to go on duty. There is nobody to photograph the scene for the picture-papers.

The young policemen who join the Army will all get Victoria Crosses. It is their habit to perform isolated acts of conspicuous bravery.



A BURLESQUE ABU HASAN IN A BURLESQUE "CHU CHIN CHOW":
M. LÉON MORTON, AT THE AMBASSADORS'.

The flamboyant picturesqueness of Mr. Oscar Asche, as the Shayk of the Robbers, in "Chu Chin Chow," at His Majesty's Theatre, finds amusing exaggeration in M. Léon Morton's version of the robber chief, in Mr. Keble Howard's light-hearted burlesque, "Ali Baa Baa," which now forms part of the programme at the Ambassadors' Theatre. Mile. Delysia completes the humorous picture by her clever burlesque of Miss Lily Brayton as Zahrat Al-Kulub.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

The British Sailor as Hun!

There are still people to be found in this country who will assure you that the Germans have an incomparable sense of humour. If this is true, the German nation should be rocking with laughter over the picture drawn by the German Admiralty of the British attempt to kill two German submarine people. The struggle to kill these two men began, according to the German Admiralty report, on Sept. 24, 1915, and continued until Dec. 13 of the same year. At that date, despite the combined efforts of the whole British Navy, backed up by the House of Lords and the House of Commons, to say nothing of the British public,

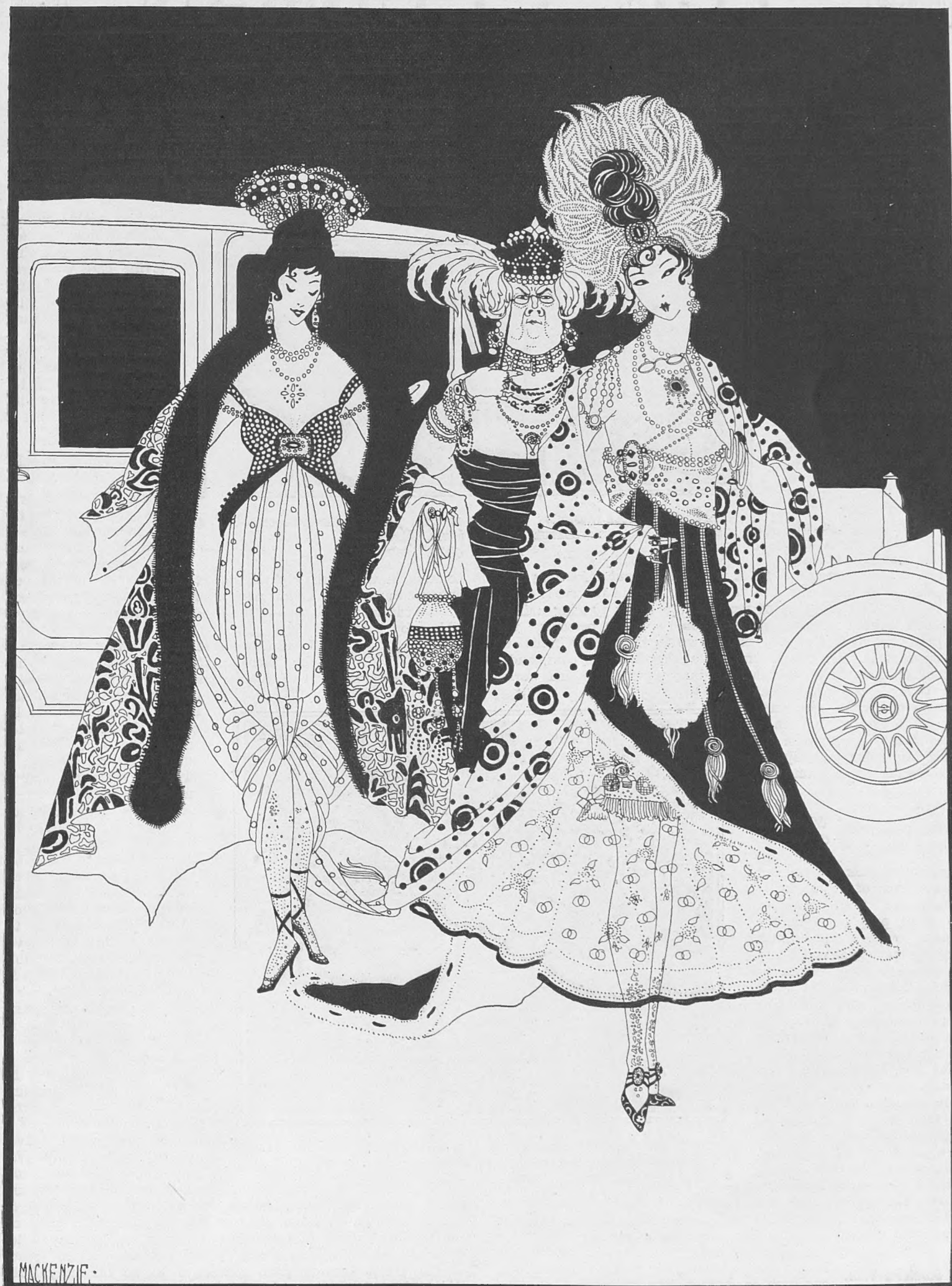
the two men were still alive. The ferocity of the British Navy in dealing with defenceless men struggling in the water is well known. So far from taking a lesson in humanity from the gentle German, the British Navy shoot at them, and ram them, and then leave them to take care of themselves!

In the case of the immortal gentlemen who were merely trying, in the nicest way possible, to sink a British merchantman, the British Navy first of all blew them to smithereens, next dashed at them and cut them in two, then flung them into irons, and subsequently ran them ashore in their pants and refused them medical assistance.

"The English Government not having been able to get rid of the Lieutenant by death from wounds, they strenuously attempted . . ." And so forth.

Yes, German humour is a priceless thing. It is fully protected, and has taken innumerable medals in all parts of the world. The trade-mark is a moustache rampant.

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: THE ECONOMISTS!





THE CLUBMAN

SUMPTUARY LAWS FOR WAR-TIME: DANGER-SIGNALS: THE SOLDIER'S WILL.

A Protest Against Evening Dress.

I read in one of the Sunday papers a protest against dressiness in the theatre, in which complaint was made that ladies wear evening dresses, and that some men put on dress clothes to go to the stalls. So far as ladies are concerned, I hold my peace, for each of the fair sex is a rule to herself in the matter of dress; but, when I do take a lady to the theatre in these war days, I always warn her that she will have to walk after the theatre as far as the nearest Tube station, because taxis are unobtainable at eleven o'clock. If after this warning she chooses to come to the theatre in her finest feathers, and wearing jewellery, she does it at her own risk.

Correct Evening Dress for Men.

The correct dress for a man to wear at the theatre is the dress in which he habitually eats his evening meal. Nine out of ten clubmen who do not dine in uniform wear a dinner-jacket and a black tie at dinner-time, for it is a cleanly and refreshing thing to change one's linen after the day's work, and in the stalls of the theatre I see that nine out of ten men are either wearing uniform or dinner-jackets. Now and again some splendid personage who has petrol to spare and has come down to the theatre in his own car appears in a white waistcoat, a claw-hammer coat, and a buttonhole, and here and there a busy man wears his workaday coat; but the great majority of British gentlemen now go to the theatre in a dinner-jacket or in blue or khaki. And what the majority of gentlemen do is, I am sure, the right thing to do.

The Greatly Felt Want.

What all of us who walk home through the dark streets want is some form of head-light to prevent us from bumping into other people coming the opposite way. Some men carry newspapers in order that the white of them should be distinguishable; and the *doyen* of journalists confesses that he waves a white handkerchief as he walks as a signal of danger. A little electric-light fixed on to the hat, or luminous buttons on one's greatcoat, or a white shoulder-belt with a tiny light as an adornment to it, all seem to me possibilities; and if the jewellers and tailors set their brains to work on the problem I am sure that before the winter is over we shall all be passing each other at night port to port or starboard to starboard, as the rule of the street requires, without colliding with each other as we do at present.

A Soldier's Will.

Most young soldiers going to the front leave in one form or another their wishes as to the disposal of their private property and trinkets, in case they should have

the bad luck to stop a bullet. It would be wise of all the boys to put in a line saying to whom are to go their medals and any other decorations they may be fortunate to win. In the table of relations given officially as next of kin a man's widow comes first—as, indeed, is exceedingly right—but his mother is a long way down the list. Brothers and sisters would, of course, be very proud to receive the crosses and the medals of a dead brother; but no one in the world, except the man's widow, is likely to treasure them with such loving care and pride as his mother is. I fancy, in nine cases out of ten, it is to his mother that an unmarried soldier would wish the care of the little gun-metal cross or the cross with blue-and-white ribbon to go when he has won them, but will never wear them.

Coloured Medal Ribbons.

What, I wonder, will be the colour of the ribbon for the medal of this war? Generally, the colours selected are typical of the

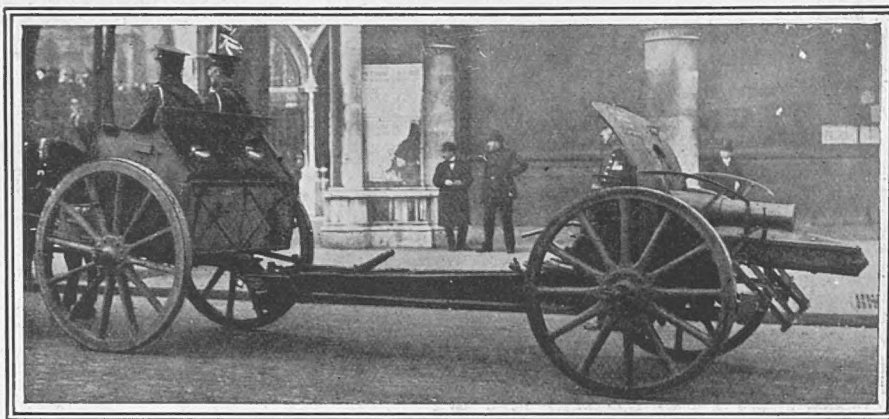
country in which the fighting has taken place or of the peoples engaged in warfare. Yellow plays a prominent part in the ribbons of most African campaigns, and the Nile is represented in the Egyptian ribbon by blue.

A Medal-Book.

I was shown a most interesting autograph-book the other day, in which an old officer, who has seen much service himself, has fastened a medal ribbon to the head of each page, each ribbon being a different one; and below each of the ribbons he has obtained the signatures of as many men as possible who have the right to wear that medal or that Order. On some pages there are hundreds of signatures; on some others there are only one or two. There were one or two ribbons that I had never seen before, and below each of them the signatures were mostly those of native Indian officers. I think that, as a Christmas novelty, a medal-book, with the ribbons printed in colours and a little history of each below it, would be a success; and I give the idea, for what it is worth, to the makers of gift-books.

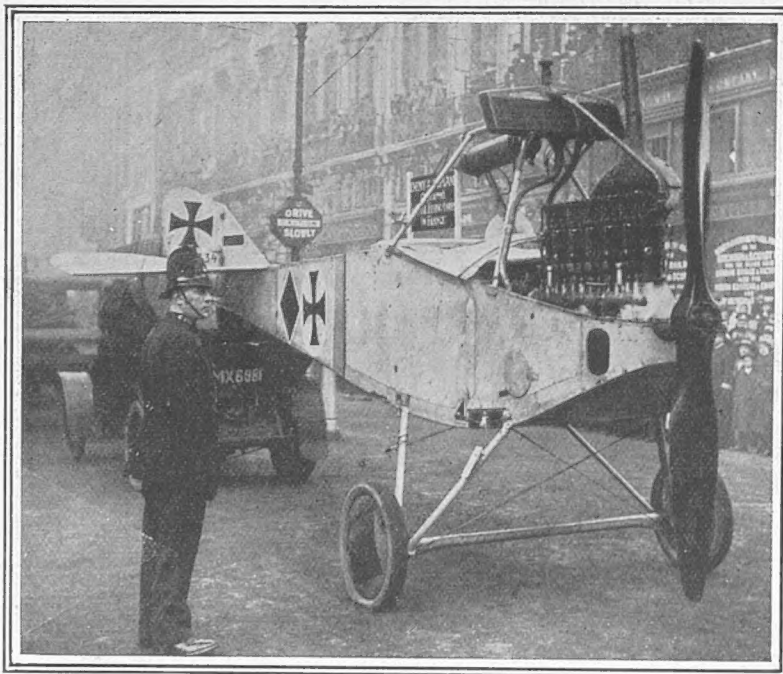
The Little Colour in London.

A little colour is coming to London in the form of the Regalia used at the Investiture of the Prince of Wales. The Regalia have been lent to the Arts and Crafts Exhibition at Burlington House, and are coming from Cardiff, where they usually sojourn. London was never so colourless as it is now, and the little touch of colour on a Belgian's fatigue-cap catches one's eye at once in the streets. The two mounted sentries at the Horse Guards seem nowadays to be the only British soldiers in peace uniform, for the Guards bands wear khaki almost as often as they wear scarlet.



AN INTERESTING BATTLE-TROPHY IN THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: A CAPTURED GERMAN GUN, IN CHARGE OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

Photograph by C.N.



LOUDLY ACCLAIMED BY SPECTATORS OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW: A GERMAN AEROPLANE CAPTURED BY THE R.F.C. IN FRANCE.

Photograph by C.N.

PRUSSIAN BLUE !



THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE REICHSTAG : So, der Reichstag suspended ist. Himmel ; must ve here Oliver Cromwellisiert be ?

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

A LIST of the people who assisted at the *Daily Sketch* needlework exhibition would swamp this page with interesting names. To say that "everybody was there" does not meet the case, for the phrase has been used too often to suggest the particular thing that happened at Central Buildings, Westminster.

But let it pass—everybody was there! Lady Ripon and Lady Derby received Queen Alexandra on the opening day; and Lady Ripon, in declaring the exhibition open, had the support of the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Clonmell, Lady Oranmore, Lady Poulett, Lady Tree, and Lady Alexander. That is a kind of official report of the proceedings; but in reality she was supported by some hundreds of distinguished women. But there again we fall into empty phrase-making. When Lady Ripon speaks she needs no support; at such functions she always shows the perfect confidence and ease of a finished and accomplished woman of the world.



TO MARRY MR. J. PEYTON JONES: MISS MARGARET GROSVENOR.

Miss Grosvenor is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Norman Grosvenor, President of the Women's Farm Garden Union. Mrs. Grosvenor is a sister-in-law of Lord Ebury.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppe.

—in such things, for instance, as music and needlework—that have made a bond between them as close as the sporting ties that

A Great Hit. Lady Ripon, of course, is an old friend of Queen Alexandra's, and has often welcomed her Majesty on less formal terms than those of the other morning. They have tastes in common that existed between Edward VII. and Lord Ripon. It was at Sandringham that his Majesty received the most convincing proof possible of Lord Ripon's habit of killing his birds outright. Even experienced friends were apt to be taken by surprise by his miracles of true shooting; and one "rocketeer," hit by his Lordship, fell like a stone on the royal head.

Anti-Trash. Miss Lena Ashwell spoke very charmingly the other day at—of all places—the Royal Academy. Time was when nobody was allowed to make speeches in Burlington House save Presidents and Princes and the distinguished guests at the yearly banquet, guests whose distinction always meant that they were masculine, and often that they were ponderous. But no place has changed so much in the last year as the Academy; and the other day Miss Lena Ashwell was not talking about Ancient Greece; or the British Navy, or, equally sacred, the oils of the year but about the things that are often on our mantelpieces when they shouldn't

be—about the trashy ornaments that accumulate in a modern house, and are dusted day by day through the years, to the waste, in the aggregate, of innumerable hours. Miss Ashwell knows a good deal about household gods, and false household gods. She helped to make the Three Arts Club a paradise of dainty, time-saving devices for the professional damsel who has no time to waste on the more senseless domesticities.

First-Nighters. A first-night still draws a crowd, and the other evening, at the *première* of "Vanity Fair," most of the usual people turned up. Lord Lonsdale, whose only ornament (as they say) was the familiar pure white gardenia, was there, of course; and one noticed a few of those distinguished persons, including an occasional M.P., whom one knows by sight without being able to name a name, or a constituency, out of hand. But owing, I imagine, to the time of year, the gathering was not so vastly swagger as such gatherings used to be a little while back. There was a certain dearth of Duchesses and their daughters, of Ministerial ladies, and of the grave Presidents of the various grave Boards. But only a morbid manager would brood upon absences in the face of such a packed and brilliant house.

The Douglas-Pennants. Lady Edith Douglas-Pennant,

who is engaged to Lieutenant Charles Windham, of the Norfolk Regiment, lost her first husband in the first months of the war. A daughter of Lord Dartrey's, she is in all directions related to the Army, and counts Sir George Wombwell among her family's heroes. But her late husband's family has flourished, of late, more on the feminine side than on the male. The first Lord Penrhyn had twelve daughters and eight sisters; and in the present generation the sportsmen of the family are mostly girls. They have taken the knocks as well as the pleasures of the chase, the Hon. Nesta Douglas-Pennant being the victim, a few years back, but without very serious consequences, of a shooting accident at the Earl of Morley's place near Plymouth.

Men and Manure. The Hon. Muriel Strutt, who is engaged to Major Hornsby, is the youngest of the late Lord Belper's daughters. A popular girl of about twenty-six, Miss Strutt is at one with her people in their devotion to the craft of the countryside. Like the Strutts of the Rayleigh barony, they have, in their time, been good farmers; and Lord Belper used to be famous for his learning in fertilisers and feeding stuffs. As President of the County Councils Association, he ran less risks of going wrong than some of his less practical fellow-members, for it is told that at one meeting of the Council a member took a pinch from a large snuff-box lying on the Council table. He tried several times. "If I'm any judge, this is thoroughly bad snuff," he said at last to a neighbour. "Oh, that's a box of pulverised manure," explained the other.



NURSING AT A RED CROSS HOSPITAL IN FRANCE: MISS MARGERY AMY BOOT.

Miss Margery Boot, who is devoting herself to Red Cross work in France, is the younger daughter of Sir Jesse Boot and Lady Boot, of The Park, Nottingham.—[Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]



TO MARRY MR. IAN LESLIE ORR EWING: MISS HELEN BRIDGET GIBBS.

Miss Gibbs is the daughter of the late Hon. Henry Lloyd Gibbs and Mrs. Henry Gibbs. Mr. Ian Orr Ewing, Scots Guards, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Lindsay Orr Ewing, M.P., of Dunskey, Portpatrick.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

THE LADY MAYORESS AND HER MAIDS OF HONOUR.



1. MRS. LAW SMITH, THE NEW LADY MAYORESS OF LONDON (DAUGHTER OF THE LORD MAYOR)—AND HER "SUITE."

2. THE LADY MAYORESS AND HER TRAIN-BEARER—MISS MARJORIE JENKS.

The Lady Mayoress of London, Mrs. Philip Law Smith, is the only daughter of Sir William Dunn, the new Lord Mayor, and is the wife of His Honour Judge Philip Henry Law Smith, LL.D., Judge of Limerick County Court. Mrs. Law Smith acted as hostess for her father when he was Sheriff, so will not be new to the duties of civic hospitality.

The Lady Mayoress's beautiful gown is of silver lace diamanté, and has a train of pale-blue velvet, and her slippers are of white and silver. Mrs. Law Smith has said that, owing to the war, she has taken little interest in dress until it became, as it were, an official duty—as without question it is.—[Photographs by L.N.A.]

SOME WAR-TIME WEDDINGS: FOUR OFFICERS MARRIED.



A NAVAL OFFICER AND HIS WIFE: LIEUTENANT LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., AND MRS. CAMERON (MISS MONA DEWAR).



LEAVING ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE: MR. FRANCIS THOMAS MANN AND MRS. MANN (MISS ENID TILNEY).



AT CHRIST CHURCH, LANCASTER GATE: MAJOR AND MRS. GROUNDS (MISS GRIFFITH).



LEAVING ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE: MR. EDWARD ROUSE-BOUGHTON AND MRS. ROUSE-BOUGHTON (MISS DAISY ISMAY).

Lieutenant Lovett Cameron is in H.M. Navy. Mrs. Cameron (Miss Mona Dewar), is daughter of Lord Dewar, Judge of the Court of Session, Scotland. The marriage took place at Holy Trinity Church, Edinburgh.—Mr. Francis Mann is a Second Lieutenant in the Scots Guards, and is the son of Sir Edward and Lady Mann, of Thelveton Hall, Scole, Norfolk. Mrs. Mann (Miss Enid Agnes Tilney) is only child of the late Mr. George A. Tilney, and of Mrs. Tilney, of Cadogan Place, S.W.—On Wednesday, Nov. 8, Major N. B. Grounds was married at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, to Miss

Evangeline Mary Griffith, daughter of Sir William Brandford Griffith, the well-known Colonial Judge, and of Lady Brandford Griffith.—Mr. Edward Rouse-Boughton, Hussars, son of Sir William and Lady Rouse-Boughton, of Downton Hall, Ludlow, was married on Tuesday, Nov. 7, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, to Miss Dorothy Alys Ismay, daughter of Mr. James Ismay, of Iwerne Minster House, Dorset, and the late Lady Margaret Ismay, and grand-daughter of the late Marquess of Hertford. The Rev. the Lord Victor Seymour, great-uncle of the bride, officiated.

Photograph No. 1, by Illustrations Bureau; No. 2, by C.N.; No. 3, by Alferi; No. 4, by L.N.A.

NEW PORTRAITS: AN INTERESTING QUARTET.



1. NURSING AT THE ENDSLEIGH HOSPITAL: LADY HUNTINGTON.

2. A MAID-OF-HONOUR TO LADY WAKEFIELD ENGAGED: MISS LINDSAY-SMITH.

Lady Huntington is the wife of Sir Charles Huntington, third Baronet. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Daniel John O'Sullivan, of Killarney.—Miss Lindsay-Smith, whose engagement to Mr. H. W. Mottram has been announced, was one of the Maids-of-Honour to the wife of the retiring Lord Mayor of London.—Lady Edith Douglas-Pennant is daughter of the second Earl of Dartrey, and widow of the Hon. Charles

3. TO MARRY LIEUT. C. A. WINDHAM: LADY EDITH DOUGLAS-PENNANT.

4. WIFE AND SON OF AN OFFICER IN THE GUARDS: MRS. VICTOR MONTGOMERIE AND HER LITTLE SON.

Douglas-Pennant, Coldstream Guards, who was a son of Lord Penrhyn, and was killed in the war, in 1914. Mr Charles Ash Windham is in the Norfolk Regiment, and is the grandson of Sir Charles Windham, K.C.B.—Mrs. Victor Montgomerie is the wife of Captain Victor Montgomerie, 2nd Life Guards, who is now at Windsor with the Reserve Household Battalion.

Photograph No. 1, by Lallie Charles; No. 2, by E. O. Hoppé; Nos. 3 and 4, by Val l'Estrange.



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| | { A PERFECT DAY—in C..... | Jacobs-Bond |
| B 715 | { DOWN IN THE FOREST—in E..... | Landon Ronald |
| | { O DRY THOSE TEARS—in E..... | Teresa del Riego |
| B 717 | { UNTIL—in G..... | Sanderson |
| | { LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST—in E Flat..... | Lohr |
| B 719 | { SOMEWHERE A VOICE IS CALLING—in G..... | Tate |
| | { PARTED—in B Flat..... | Tosti |

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| | { O DRY THOSE TEARS—in E..... | Teresa del Riego |
| B 718 | { UNTIL—in D Flat..... | Sanderson |
| | { LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST—in B Flat..... | Lohr |
| B 720 | { SOMEWHERE A VOICE IS CALLING—in D..... | Tate |
| | { PARTED—in F..... | Tosti |

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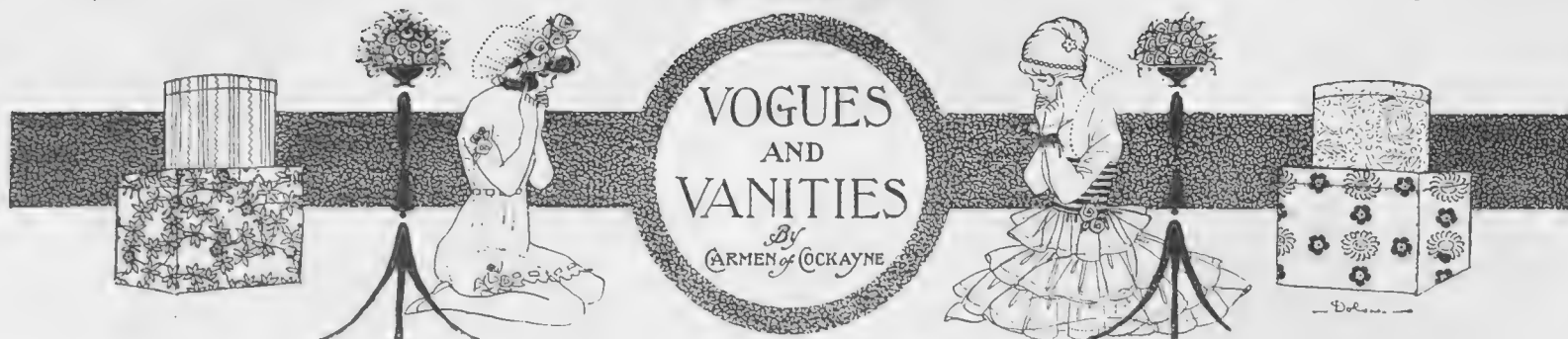


YES; BY GUM!



THE FIRST DINER: Whatever language is the old boy mumbling in?
THE SECOND DINER: Gum arabic, I should say.

DRAWN BY NOEL POCKOCK.



Marking Time. Mid-autumn is never distinguished by anything especially noteworthy in the way of new modes—not, at any rate, as far as one's outside garments are concerned. The full, straight skirt has been definitely established, and ankles are once more carrying on a mild flirtation with the hem thereof. Wraps are full and fur-trimmed. Hats, as ever, erratic. Overbrimmed or brimless, high or low, they are all in the fashion; and for once in a way even a last year's model doesn't give its wearer away quite so completely as often happens when thrifty souls attempt economies in the direction of millinery.

The Sartorial Underworld. Now that the things that are seen have, so to speak, settled down comfortably until Christmas at least, women have more time in which to devote their energies to the unseen good works that hang concealed beneath them. Officially, coat and frock fashions follow the calendar, and change with the changing seasons. But, like necessity, "undies" know no law, and the only restraint they practise is visible in their length, or the want of it, below the waist, and the heights to which they aspire above it—which, after all, is just as it should be at a time when we are urged to use as little as possible of everything, and, above all, to economise in dress.

Tailor-Made Nighties. Just now it is the nightie that is king and lord in the underworld of dress. Perhaps it is the fear of having to turn out suddenly for a Zepp raid, perhaps it's merely because soft and dainty garments have an irresistible attraction for all women; but, whatever the cause, the nightie is one of the most fascinating as it is certainly one of the most beautiful items in lingerie to-day. Crêpe-de-Chine, soft, easily laundered, and procurable in all sorts of delicate tints, is the most favoured material, and simplicity carried to the point of downright severity the principal feature of the night-robe of the moment, to which even tailors, if rumour speaks truly, are now devoting their attention.

Black Art. When is an outfit not an outfit? The correct answer is, When it does not contain at least one or two sets of black dessous. These be serious times; and, if we are sober in outward appearance, it is only natural that once in a way we should want sobriety to be literally skin-deep. Anyway, the black night-dress is quite a prominent feature—in a double sense—of lingerie; and black-and-white—an unfailingly popular combination—is being increasingly used for the same purpose, and with excellent effect, as our sketch shows. The original was seen at Peter Robinson's, in Oxford Street. The garment is quite short, and quite patriotically economical in regard to material in the region of the neck, and sleeves are dispensed with altogether. The arm-holes, like the hem, are bordered with soft black satin—washing satin, of course; and the same material is used to produce the striped effect on the yoke. By the way,

for those who desire even more freedom of action, there are others slit at either side and bound with the contrasting satin or lace, as taste dictates.

Pied Pyjamas. As an alternative to the nightdress, there is, of course, the pied pyjama; intended for those who really like variety in bed. Sometimes it is made jumper fashion, when the sleeves and upper part can be varied to suit the taste of the wearer. Sometimes it is made all in one, with colour-relief introduced in the form of cuffs and hood. Those persistent ones who are again raising the question of a uniform for all women might, perhaps, succeed in bringing more people to their way of thinking if they took a few hints from the feminine pyjama as a preliminary to converting dress-loving women to their idea. A variation of the crêpe-de-Chine nightdress is the one of georgette or ninon. The example here sketched, which owes its origin to the house already mentioned, favours classical ideals. The upper part is of lace held together by crossed bands of handsome Cluny insertion, the petalled skirt part being of lemon-coloured georgette.

Through a Veil Darkly. Transparency is the keynote of the cor-sage of the day.

Oftentimes even the frailties that intervene between Mother Nature's covering and the outside world are boldly dispensed with. Some people don't mind showing their backs, and the reverse side of the picture in quite a number of cases isn't exactly puritanical. Still, there are just a few who still think that privacy in some directions is better than unabashed publicity, and so it comes about that, thanks to the all-revealing cor-sage, the camisole that lies beneath it is daily acquiring added importance and beauty. Quite one of the most attractive I saw the other day was made entirely of filet lace. Inset at the waist were pointed Cluny medallions, and the points of the V-shaped décolletage were united by strands of pale-blue ribbon. The one here shown is of palest pink crêpe-de-Chine, embroidered behind and before with silk of

Lemon-yellow georgette below, guipure lace above, held together by strands of Cluny insertion. Result, one nightdress.



In its own department of the boudoir cap this little confection counts as a "topper."



This cache-corset of pink crêpe-de-Chine is embroidered by hand, trimmed with lace, and bound with black velvet.

The vogue for black and white goes below the surface, even to lingerie, and even the nightie has yielded to its charms.

SPECIAL !



BLIGHTY.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

Twingly Sympathy; or, The Moving Story of Charles and John.

By H. MAXWELL.

I.

IN external resemblance of feature and form and expression, Charles and John, who were twins, were so exactly alike that the photograph of either one of them would always in theory pass for that of the other.

But in actual practice, supposing you knew them, you could never mistake their portraits, for Charles, who was staid and serious, and the junior partner in a firm of family solicitors of the highest possible standing, was always photographed in a frock-coat; while John, who was neither staid nor serious, nor any sort of a partner, was taken in anything—or, indeed, next to nothing—and there actually existed snapshots of him in pyjamas, to say nothing of those in bathing-costume.

Nothing on earth would have induced Charles to be taken in either of these modes.

They were posthumous children; and the only genuine grievance they had against Fate was that the fortune they had jointly inherited on coming of age, which would have enabled one of them to live at his ease and an accelerated pace, when divided into equal moieties amounted to no more than a comfortable competence for each.

Not that Charles would have wished to live in a rapid manner.

Charles took after his father, the ship-broker, a man of the most exemplary life and conduct; John, on the other hand, reproduced his mother's temperament. His mother had been an exceedingly attractive member of the most famous *corps de ballet* of her day.

Both boys had inherited an ample share of their mother's good looks. Their father was rather plain.

The habits of Charles and John were, quite naturally, entirely different.

If you wanted to find John in a hurry, you looked for him at the Sports Club, or in the Burlington Arcade, or the lounge-promenade of a music-hall; but, in seeking for Charles, your best course was to search Bedford Row, or the National Liberal Club, and in former days, before Exeter Hall became an hotel, you could be certain of finding him there during the May meetings.

The extraordinary divergence of their tastes and temperaments was thus every whit as remarkable as their striking similarity of figure and face, but this did not prevent them being the best of friends. The usual *rapprochement* and intimate affection one expects in twins was present between them in the fullest measure. Charles may have deprecated his brother's frivolous habits, but he generously refrained from animadverting upon them with severity; and, if John wondered at times at Charles's excessive respectability, he was careful not to comment upon it with unbecoming freedom.

There were, in fact, certain unwritten rules governing their intercourse which each loyally respected.

It was well understood that neither should introduce the other into his own particular circle, because Charles could not possibly

feel at home in John's circle, and John would obviously have been bored to extinction, or at least to tears, in Charles's.

They often met, and they invariably dined together once in a fortnight.

On these occasions, when Charles dined John, Charles so far relaxed from his austerity of manners as to take John on afterwards to some serious play, although strongly disapproving of the theatre; and in this way John saw many of the finest works of Pinero, Hichens, and Sutro, which he would not otherwise have seen, and sat through them all like a Briton. John, however, always provided his own cigars when dining with Charles, for the brotherly affection even of twins has its definite limits.

And, when John dined Charles, John always curbed his own

propensity for high jinks on festive occasions, and the after-dinner entertainment took the form of a classical concert, or a picture-show at the Scala, or a war lecture by Mr. Hillaire Belloc or Colonel Maude; and, in this way, Charles the Good spent many exciting evenings, his enjoyment heightened by the thrill of doing something, if not morally forbidden, at least piquant in its association with some of the aspects of life as lived in the giddy whirl of Fashion.

Both brothers enjoyed their fortnightly excesses enormously; and the give and take which was the essential spirit characterising them served to endear them each to the other more and more.

But John remained a complete and total stranger to Charles's circle of friends, just as Charles did to John's.

And this went on until Charles and John, in obedience to that law which enacts that twins shall be automatically actuated by a common impulse and a common purpose without previous design, became, all unknown to each other, engaged to be married on the same day.

Charles engaged himself to Miss Millicent Merryweather, the beautiful

eldest daughter of one of the gloomiest and most forbidding Bishops. And John engaged himself to Miss Cynthia Caramel, a lady who happened to be the reigning Queen of Revue at the moment. Miss Caramel's father was not a Bishop; all that was known about him was that he had been dead for a long time—a circumstance generally regarded as in keeping with the merciful decrees of an All-Wise Providence.

"It will make no difference whatever," said Charles, when writing to congratulate John.

"None whatever," was John's reply, when sending his felicitations to Charles; "we shall merely be four dining together once a fortnight instead of two."

The plan thus casually arranged by the engaged brothers was faithfully carried out. One fortnight Charles and Millicent dined with John and Cynthia, and the next fortnight John and Cynthia dined with Millicent and Charles.

[Continued overleaf.]



TWO LITTLE WAR-WORKERS: SHEILA AND CRISTA DE PARAVICINI.

These pretty little girls are the daughters (aged 5½ and 3½, respectively) of Major and Mrs. C. de Paravicini, of Datchet. They are "doing their bit" by helping their mother to entertain wounded soldiers.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

REDUCING THE STABLE!



CLARENCE (to the blacksmith, who is paring the hoofs of the Shetland): Oh, I say. We don't want our pony made any smaller!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

But Charles and John proved to be wrong in thinking it would make no difference.

It actually made the very greatest difference.

It even bred the most bitter differences.

For a coldness, which was almost a mutual aversion, sprang up between Charles and John—a state of things than which, as occurring between twins, nothing can be more tragic.

II.

At last they quarrelled openly, and the series of fortnightly dinners, with the heavy plays endured with fortitude by John, and the war lectures stoically sat through by Charles, came to an abrupt close.

Both suffered miserably in consequence, their rupture continuing for three long months, when a common calamity drew them together again, for Miss Millicent Merryweather suddenly threw Charles over on the very same day that Miss Cynthia Caramel, without warning, heartlessly jilted John.

The same evening the brothers met by accident, shook hands with affectionate warmth, their eyes glistening with a mutually tender regard, and agreed to dine together.

"Shall we dine at the Sports?" said Charles generously; "I know you find the National Liberal rather dull."

"Not at all," said John. "I was thinking of asking you to put me up for the National Liberal"—a remark which was a tremendous shock for Charles.

They dined at the Sports, and after dinner it was Charles who gave John a shock.

"Have one of these," he said, offering his cigar-case to John; and John took one, perceiving the cigars in Charles's case to be of a brand so choice that even in his own most expensive moments he rarely indulged in them.

A little later it was John's turn to give Charles a second shock.

"Shall we go on to the Empire?" Charles had asked politely.

"I am utterly sick of music-halls, and I am proposing to give them up," was John's staggering response.

After that they somehow found themselves in the club billiard-room, and John, who had no idea that Charles ever touched a cue, was beaten several times by as much as forty in a hundred, and did not win a single game the whole evening—an immense surprise for John.

And in the course of their conversation, which ranged over an infinite variety of subjects, Charles was astounded at being put right by John on many points on which he justly considered himself an authority and an expert—amongst other things, on questions of Social Reform, and of Church Doctrine, and of International Politics, and of the Minor Poetry of the day—subjects which Charles had not the smallest suspicion that John took the slightest interest in.

They left the club at closing time in a condition bordering on collapse, born of their mutual amazement—a state which had nothing whatever to do with alcohol, though they had done themselves extremely well.

And when they reached the point at which their ways separated, feeling all the while drawn together as never before, they were simultaneously seized with a desire to account for that coldness which had inexplicably sundered their sympathy and intimacy these last painful months.

"My dear Charles," said John, "I will no longer make a secret

of it. I could not help noticing that you paid more attention to my Cynthia at our little dinners than you did to your Millicent, which vexed me very much. Not for my own sake, but for Millicent's. I am not in the least surprised that Millicent jilted you."

"And I," returned Charles with heat, "was distressed beyond measure at your neglect of your Cynthia, and the marked manner in which you bestowed your conversation on my Millicent. Not for my own sake, but for Cynthia's. No girl so charming and spirited as Cynthia could be expected to put up with being relegated to second place to Millicent. You were deservedly jilted by Cynthia—deservedly," said Charles emphatically.

"Millicent is worth a dozen Cynthias—a dozen," John retorted, in spite of its having been Cynthia to whom he had been engaged.

"I will not listen to you," said Charles indignantly. "Cynthia is a woman in a thousand. Any man that could prefer Millicent to Cynthia is not worth that much"—and he snapped his fingers under John's very nose, although it was actually Millicent he had chosen to be his bride.

"How dare you say that," returned John, viciously squaring up to Charles, "when I have every hope that Millicent, having got rid of you, will marry me?"

"And how dare you say that," answered Charles, assuming a highly skilled posture of self-defence—John having no idea that Charles had recently taken lessons in the manly art—"how dare you, when I have reason to suppose that Cynthia, having disembarrassed herself of you, will do me the honour of marrying me? How dare you?"

And then, on a common impulse, they dropped their hands and embraced, for it was instantly clear to them that all their

misunderstandings were at an end.

John, who had never penetrated into Charles's circle until the latter had become engaged to Millicent, had no conception that such delightful girls as Millicent existed; and Millicent's charm and

novelty had taken his heart by storm, appealing irresistibly to that side of him inherited from his father, the respectable ship-broker—a side which had all this time lain dormant.

And Charles, conversely, who had never penetrated into John's circle until the latter became engaged to Cynthia, was whirled off his feet by Cynthia's seductive vivacity and daring *diablerie*, which combined to make an overwhelming impression on that part of his nature inherited from his mother, the attractive member of the *corps de ballet*—a part of his nature which until that moment had remained latent and unsuspected.

And now Charles is married to Cynthia, and John to Millicent, and both are ideally happy.

Millicent was, manifestly, the exact complement to John's nature which John wanted, and one shudders to think what John might have become if he had married Cynthia; just as Cynthia was exactly the complement to Charles's nature that Charles wanted, and one shudders equally at the thought of what would have become of Charles if he had married Millicent.

The brothers dine together at fortnightly intervals, *without their wives*, and their twinly sympathy grows more perfect at every meeting. Their wives, alas! are mutually and violently antipathetic; and yet it is an odd fact that this antipathy is highly approved of in secret—and, I regret to add, diligently encouraged—both by Charles and John.

There is no moral.

THE END.



ENGAGED TO APPEAR THIS WEEK AT THE COLISEUM: MISS MARY LAW, THE WELL-KNOWN VIOLINIST.

Miss Law recently returned to London after a tour in South Africa and Australia, where she met with great success.—[Photograph by Macfarlane.]



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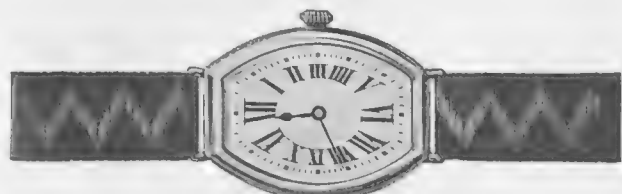
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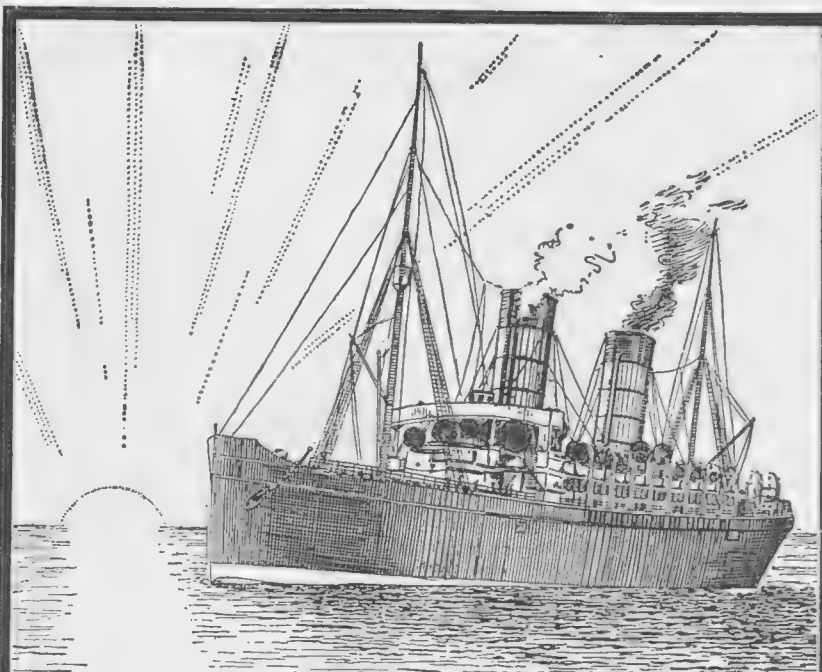
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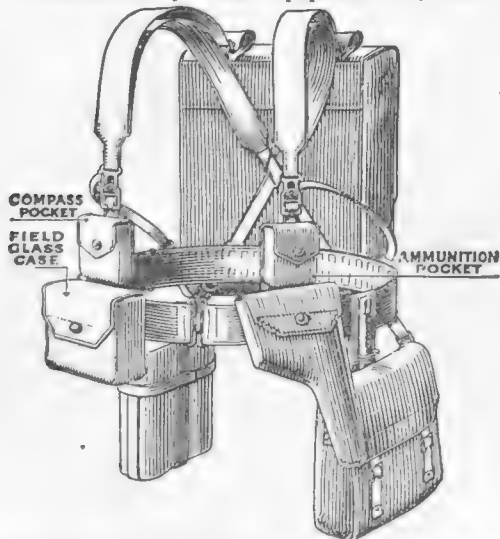
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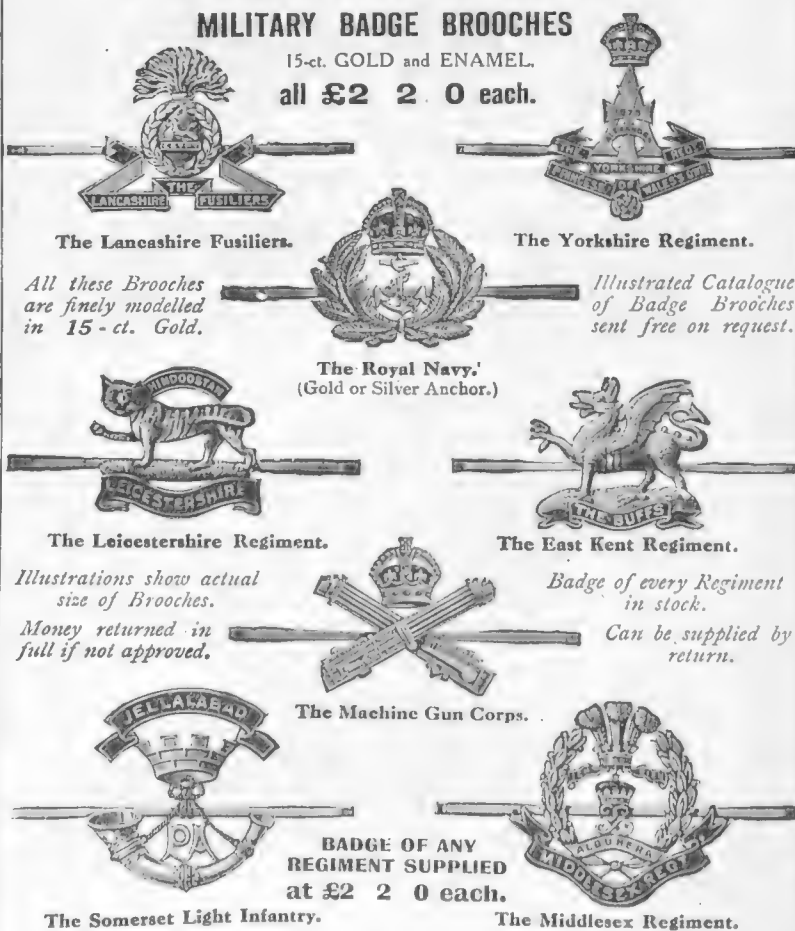
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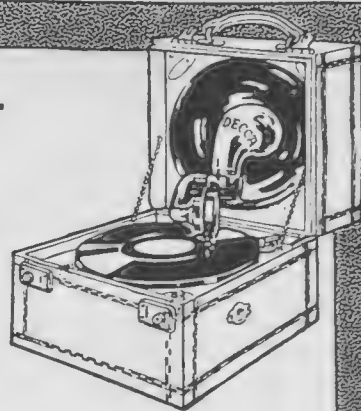
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WOMAN'S WAYS

Psychology of the American Woman.

A lifelong knowledge of American women convinces me that first, last, and always their one pre-occupation is Dress. I am far from saying that this solicitude about their outward appearance is wrong, for in the present status of woman personal attraction is, perhaps, the strongest weapon in her limited armoury. She cannot afford to neglect it, or to leave this lethal weapon rusty. If you were to ask an intelligent New Englander, for instance, she would indignantly deny the accusation that her real interest in life lay in clothes. Yet I have known a feminine mining expert, who spent long days in a business office in Wall Street, who had a wardrobe of Paris evening frocks which would have made a French actress white with envy. From schoolgirl to septuagenarian, the American will always spend money lavishly on furbelows. Her dressing-room is a kind of sanctuary, her mirror an altar. No other woman in the world decorates her bedroom so sumptuously, and she is quite clearly of opinion that nothing is too good to form a background for her person. Moreover, this frame of mind is not racial, but "in the air," for Englishwomen who have lived in America often take up a similar attitude.

Where It is Ignoble to be Poor.

We all know dozens of people in London who live on tuppence-ha'penny a year, and yet contrive to have a life so brilliant and varied that royal personages might conceivably envy them. This miracle cannot be accomplished in New York or Washington, where the unforgivable sin is to be poor. You would think, at the first blush, that in American universities ostentation, the precise ritual of dinner-parties, and the exact "date" of a gown would matter not at all, any more than they do at Oxford or Cambridge in professorial circles. But I have just read a short story by Katherine Fullerton Gerould in which a professor's wife runs away from the town, and incidentally ruins her husband's career, because her gown is not modish enough to entertain an eminent German professor! It is a real tragedy in a tea-cup—or rather, in a soup-plate—and so convincingly presented as to be poignant. If the lady—who is no *bourgeoise*, but a Master of Arts—had had a nicer sense of proportion and a modicum of humour, she would have realised that the German professor would have held her of no account at all, neither herself nor her fripperies. And here lies the difference between the Old World and the New. It is only in America that it is ignoble to be poor.

A Gay Panorama.

There is a delightful idea at Burlington House which, if carried out effectively, would make of our shopping streets a gay panorama—especially from the top of a motor-bus. The sun-blinds, which now present an interminable perspective of dingy canvas, would be decorated in colours with a vivacious representation of what is going on inside. On one—destined for a wine-dealer's—there is an effigy of an elderly *viveur* in a white hat, with a cavalry moustache of the year 1880, "sampling" liqueurs in a shop with enticing-looking bottles. In another shop an assistant is dismembering pig, while a square lady in modish black-and-white makes a piquant blotch on the design. At the milliner's, the young girls trying on hats and what-not are amazingly vivacious and alluring.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Lord Haldane's Tailor.

When, in the Appeal Court the other day, Mr. Pollock questioned Lord Haldane's statement that tailors are in the habit of allowing fifteen per cent. discount for cash, Lord Haldane was tempted to prove his point from personal experience. "I always pay cash, and I never get less than fifteen per cent.," said he, and then blushed (if an ex-Lord High Chancellor can blush) for having let the Appeal Court into his confidence on a triviality. There the matter dropped; but Mr. Pollock and Lord Haldane are both members of the Athenæum, and the K.C. has still a chance of learning the name of his Lordship's tailor.

Slinging Away Money.

Nothing seems to cool the subaltern's passion for manicure and the gentler arts of hair-dressing. If he lost both arms, he would be effectively nonplussed in the matter of manicure; but the loss of one does not, of course, deter him at all. The other day I noticed three men with slings or empty sleeves having one set of five nails carefully polished by the admirably proficient damsels of a popular establishment in the West End. And more slings and empty sleeves were waiting to take their places. The question is, were they charged half-price?

Extra Special Reminders.

The Hon. Nan Herbert—Nan Ino Herbert—the flying man's unmarried sister, is the heir-presumptive to the baronies of Lucas and Dingwall. And after her, according to the *Westminster*, comes Lady Desborough. A remarkable remainder secures the peerage from ever becoming extinct; but when I am told that, if Lady Desborough were to succeed to it, the Desborough peerage, being junior by two and a half centuries, would be at once merged in that of Lucas, I grow bewildered.

That Leg.

Since Lord Lucas was reported missing, his old injury has been strangely magnified. It grew in the course of a day from a lost foot to a lost leg. In the morning one read about an artificial ankle; in the evening the tale was told of his asking an astonished Flying Corps mechanic for an oil-can to oil his knee-joint! There was no noticeable lameness, at any rate, and Lord Lucas took a certain pride in conquering the difficulties that would have made other men go hobbling through life. There was a certain humour, too, in the care with which he swathed both feet in heavy woollen socks before going up into the icy air. And that oil-can was a touch worthy of Captain Hook.

On the "Arabia."

Lord Stradbroke, whose name figures among the passengers rescued from the *Arabia*, is accustomed to the old everyday perils of the sea, and will take as kindly as most people to the new. An authority on sea-fishing and fisheries, he is also proficient in the more decorative and elegant forms of sailing, and is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Lady Stradbroke is the author of, and performer in, a little musical play called "The Hat-Box"; she has, too, a triumph to her name in the matter of dressing up, for once she appeared at a fancy-dress ball as Charles I., complete with moustache and beard, and refused Cromwell a dance without losing her head.



THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: SIR WILLIAM HENRY DUNN.

Sir William Dunn, who was born at Clitheroe in 1856, is senior partner in the firm of Messrs. Dunn, Soman, and Coverdale, land agents and surveyors, of St. Helen's Place. He was Sheriff in 1906, and was knighted after the visits to the City of the Kaiser and, later, of President Fallières. In 1910 he was M.P. for West Southwark.

Photograph by Miles and Kaye.



ONE OF THE NEW SHERIFFS OF THE CITY: MR. GEORGE HAYSOM.



ONE OF THE NEW SHERIFFS OF THE CITY: MAJOR LOUIS A. NEWTON.

Photographs by Miles and Kaye.

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

This Week's Wedding.

Prince George of Battenberg and Countess Nadejda Torby will not be made man and wife in a hurry. They begin with a picturesque ceremony at the Russian Chapel in Welbeck Street at eleven a.m., when they have crowns on their heads, exchange rings, and are married according to the ritual of the Orthodox Greek Church. Then, at noon, they will be married in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, where our King and Queen were married, and their Majesties will, it is believed, be present, together with other members of the royal family. The little chapel is by no means large enough to hold all the bride's friends; some will be at the Russian Chapel, and some at Kenwood; so, by a disposition of them over three places, all may possibly be accommodated.

The Bridal Dresses.

Countess Nadejda is dark-haired and dark-eyed, and has a piquant face and a charming figure. The wedding-dress should suit her; it is Princess in style, is of cloth-of-silver, and the train, a long slim one, is cut in with it; while the whole is bordered with a leaf design

in raised silver and silver tissue. The cloth-of-silver falls apart in front, showing a petticoat of silver lace; and there is a girdle, also of silver; and silver shoes will, of course, be worn. No children will appear as attendants; these are limited to four—the bridegroom's unmarried sister, Princess Louise of Battenberg; the bride's only sister, Countess Anastasia Torby, better known as Zia; and her two cousins, Princess Nina and Princess Xenia, daughters of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess George of Russia. They will all wear dresses of aquamarine-blue satin, trimmed with Russian embroidery and sable, the embroidery chiefly of a deep, soft, flame-like red. Prince George has given them amber necklets, which will make another little note of strong colour; and their head-dresses will be in Cossack style, of velvet and fur, with long tulle aquamarine veils. It will be a pretty procession—I write, of course, before the event.

Elegance and Ease.

We talk of them together, and wish that they amalgamated better than they often do. Where they are combined with perfect harmony is at Maurice's, 43, South Molton Street. The dresses of this clever designer are called "Eciruam," and have no fastenings to ruffle the temper, and slip and get out of order. They almost put themselves on, so little

tea-gown will point my moral as to appearance; I guarantee the ease of donning it. It is dark-cabochon, emerald-green georgette with an embroidered long stole-front edged with fur—a truly graceful and distinguished gown. I saw many at the Maurice salon; some in black struck me as being particularly well conceived. One had a long plain back of chiffon, with jet-bordered pointed draperies down the front, and sleeves falling cape-like on the shoulders and caught in cuffs below the elbows. The dress itself was chiffon velvet and chiffon. A useful and smart grey silk gown was only 4½ guineas. The cut is the thing in these dresses, and the way perfect cutting is combined with variety of style is yet another clever thing about them.

The Dainty Lady.

The woman of to-day is of all things practical: she has work to do in the world. While doing it, she wants to look well and preserve her sense of proportion by being dressed in the best possible way which is suitable. If it didn't read like a pun, I would write—in a suit! Coat and skirt will do; and these must be tailored and cut in quite the best way, for our ladies at work must still be dainty. Thresher and Glenny, 5, Conduit Street, the ladies' branch of their Strand establishment, have long enjoyed a great reputation for their coats and skirts, and have, in consequence of the present needs, developed this department, in which smart, useful, light, and warm wool tweed suits made in first-rate style are attainable from 8½ to 10 guineas. If individuality need not be specially considered, they have neat and durable ready-made coats and skirts from 4½ guineas. Their tailored shirts—of which an illustration is given—are of world-wide fame. You meet them in Bond Street and in far Cathay, and their wearers will all tell you that they are the best that ever were made to look at, and also to wear. They are in Cachar, in Court twill-flannel, in wool taffeta, and in Jap and twill silks. Again, the dainty lady thinks most of all of her "undies"; they must be soft and fine and dainty in the extreme. Thresher and Glenny know this; it is a dainty ladies' firm, and their fine embroidered lawns, their delicate hand-wrought crêpe-de-Chine garments are things to dream about—and, some of them, to dream in, for the "nighties" are pretty enough to induce midnight trips, each wearer to her own particular fairyland.

Inspiration.

The desire to give pleasure in these anxious, war-darkened days is keener than ever. Many lack, however, the time or even the power to think out just the best way to do it. Well, I know one way to obtain inspiration. Spend half-an-hour in the Antique Galleries of Debenham and Freebody. These are now developed, and have more space to show the treasures collected from all parts of the country by those who have the *flair* for such work, and assemble only the genuine and the beautiful. Whether it be a piece of furniture—say, a Jacobean oak rest bed at eighteen guineas, or a wonderful miniature swing-mirror, the back filled in with old embroidery, for one guinea—the result must always be pleasure to a recipient, because it is just right. Samplers dated and signed, embroidered pictures, old silver, old paste, old bead-work, old glass, old china, old embroideries, old lace—this is the place to find them; nor can regret ever follow a purchase, for the things are just what they profess to be, and the prices are moderate, even surprisingly moderate. That is a combination at all times satisfactory and desirable.



A CHARMING AND EFFECTIVE TEA-GOWN.

Emerald-green ninon and emerald brocade go to the making of this most effective tea-gown, and the touches of white fox give a cosy appearance. (Maurice.)

trouble are they. Yet, when invested in one, there is no lady of this land, or of the even dressier land of France, who looks better turned out, or more in the picture that Dame Fashion demands of the hours as they pass. An illustration of a Maurice



A SIMPLE COUNTRY SHIRT.

It is cut on becoming lines, and made of cream silk. (Thresher and Glenny.)



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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

FROM THE RED FLAG TO PERFECTION: RACING-EPOCH MEMORIES: THE R.A.C. CRISIS

After Twenty Years.

Twenty years may not be a long period in the historic sense, but in the life of an individual movement they may mean much. And certainly the pioneers of motoring who celebrated the abolition of the man and the red flag on Nov. 14, 1896, and live to tell the tale, can claim to have had the most crowded couple of decades that were ever known to mankind. In respect of ceaseless development and interest they have been priceless; moreover, they are unique and irreplaceable. The son may play cricket or ride a horse as his father did before him, but when he drives a car he cannot enjoy anew the varied range of experiences which were bound up with the rise and growth of motoring locomotion. Inasmuch, too, as the aeroplane has come into being during the same period, it is difficult to see what the next twenty years are likely to produce in the way of parallel. For if aeroplanes themselves become as common as cars are now, and even cause the disappearance of terrestrial locomotion, that consummation can hardly come about within twenty years from the first flight, and mark a period in the way that the automobile itself has achieved. We shall have to look to

Clutches, brakes, springs, radiators, sparking-plugs—everything, in fact, that is part and parcel of the working functions of the car has been improved out of recognition. Consequently, the present-day motorist is never even called upon to perform operations on the road that were at one time everyday necessities; indeed, it is not too much to say that there are integral parts of the machine of which he has never seen the interior, and never will, because they work so well.

The Racing Epoch.

Then, too, there were bound up with the first ten or a dozen years of progress all that long series of competitive events which can never be repeated. The great Thousand Miles Trial of 1900 will never be forgotten by all who went through its three weeks of mingled trouble, humour, and triumph; and there were the annual Reliability Trials later on, which were memorable in their way. But what a new world of interest was opened up by the classic international races for the Gordon-Bennett Cup, which took us now to one part of Europe, now to another. Who does not remember that superlatively



MOTURING IN THE BALKANS! SERBIAN ARTILLERY HORSES LEND HELP.

Official Photograph.

ethereal wave developments for something really thaumaturgic to impress the rising generation.

The Climb to Perfection.

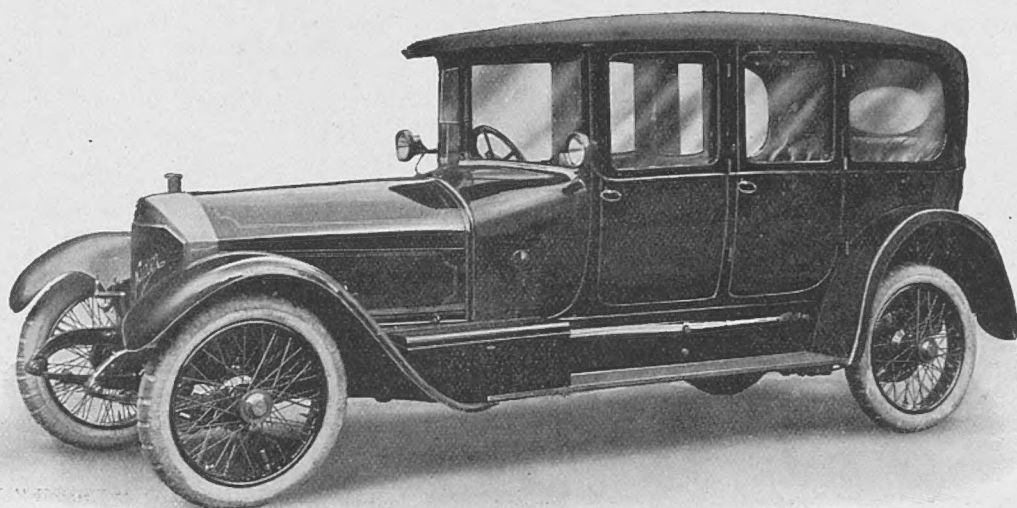
As one who "went through the mill" of the first decade of motoring, I can hardly say, even now, that it was not worth it. The vexations were many, it is true, and the expense prodigious, but at no time did one need to despair of happier times to come, where mechanical troubles were concerned. And those that were chiefly annoying had little enough to do with scientific progress. I began motoring in fear and trembling that at any time I was out on the road something would go wrong to which I was too ignorant to assign a cause; but the singular fact remains that it was rare in the extreme for diagnosis to fail. On the contrary, the difficulty was often ascertainable at once, and generally in good time; it was the purely mechanical work of setting things right that was a trial of one's patience and strength. And it is here that the motorist of to-day is so immensely fortunate compared with the pioneer. Although there have been all manner of improvements in the design of cars in every part, it is in those details which contribute to uniformity of running that the greatest strides have been recorded. One never knew in the old days whether oil was finding its way to where it was most wanted or not; but nowadays it has practically no option. Carburettors, too, are automatic and in every way improved; valves are mechanically operated, and do not stick up; and, above all, the employment of the magneto makes the one thing certain and constant that of yore was the most fickle—namely, the ignition.

dramatic finish of Léon Théry at Homburg in 1904? And then came Grand Prix, Targa Florio, and other titanic contests in which speeds were accomplished that had seemed impossible of attainment. And did we not also see Edge perform the epic feat of driving all round the clock at Brooklands at an average of over 65 miles an hour? And had not a great doctor stated that no motorist could drive at 60 miles an hour for more than a few minutes at a time? If motoring has developed the mechanical, has it not also displayed man's own latent powers to a degree of which no one ever had the least conception? We have seen, too, a hundred miles covered in the hour, and two miles in the minute; and, finally, all these achievements, physical and mechanical, have combined to produce the aeroplane.

The R.A.C. and the Government.

It is now believed that the crisis in the affairs of the Royal Automobile Club has been passed, and that the Admiralty will not acquire the premises in Pall Mall. The choice would have been pre-eminently unfortunate, and would have created the maximum of injury and annoyance. If the R.A.C. were merely a social club, like any other of the West End type, the members would have acquiesced with cheerfulness in the needs of the moment; but, as was shown in this page last week, it is in every way unique as an institution, and its suppression would not only have inflicted no small degree of hardship on officers of all branches of both services, but would have interrupted a very large amount of invaluable work of national importance.

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MOTORS

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"VANITY FAIR," the new revue at the Palace Theatre, perhaps hardly justifies its title, for the use of which an apology was made to Thackeray in the first scene. Like its predecessors, it is a curious jumble of good and indifferent. There is far too much girding at General Smith-Dorrien and his campaign—how easy, and how entirely undesirable, it is to make fun of such matters!—and there is a scene of Plymouth Hoe introducing



HON. SECRETARY OF THE CHILDREN'S AID COMMITTEE: MISS ALICE MARGARET DOUGLAS.

Miss Douglas, who, in her capacity of Hon. Sec. of the Children's Aid Committee, has looked after between sixteen and seventeen hundred children of soldiers and sailors since the war began, is the daughter of the late Sir John Douglas, and Lady Douglas, of Rossetti Mansions, Chelsea. Her mother is a daughter of the Right Rev. Piers Caldey Cloughton, formerly Bishop of Ceylon.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Queen Elizabeth, Drake, and Raleigh. It is not funny, nor exactly judicious at the moment. The balance, however, is decidedly to the good. I may be excused of partiality in suggesting that the *clou* of the piece is connected with *The Sketch*, with which I have been connected since its birth. Certainly the greatest enthusiasm of the evening was displayed over the Kirchner episode. Miss Teddie Gerard appeared as a Kirchner girl—to the life—sitting on a high stool; and then we had a whole collection of them grouped round a monster representation of a *Sketch* album, some attached to the back-cloth, and nearly all startlingly realising the very popular pictures. There is a funny, cruel burlesque of the play at His Majesty's, in which Mr. Nelson Keys was very comic as the heroine, though I confess his voice rather suggested Mrs. Pat to me than Miss Lily

Brayton. A couple of charming ballets, one all white, and the other mostly in shades of green and yellow, showing a dragonfly's courtship—and in both admirable dancing by Miss Régine Flory. Also two comic sketches, one of them, concerning an adventure at Clapham, being really amusing. Also there are plenty of other funny things. Mr. Keys works with splendid energy and great skill; Mr. Arthur Playfair had less chances, and made the most of them; Mr. Stanley Logan acted several parts very well; and there are those talented ladies, Miss Teddie Gerard, Miss Gwendolen Brogden, and Miss Marion Peake to charm the house, and Miss Moya Mannering's very able work to amuse it. And, after all, I have forgotten to say that Mr. Arthur Wimperis has written a lively book, and Mr. Herman Finck has composed plenty of tuneful music.

It has been stated that "Buxell," Mr. Besier's new play at the Strand, is a satirical farce castigating the Prussians. This was not guessed by me. As a matter of fact, it does not present an odious picture of the Boche—merely makes fun of stupidities and pomposities; whilst the Prince Otto, alleged to be the Crown Prince, proves to be a better sportsman than the hero. It is of little importance whether it was satire or not, for the primary object of the author was to entertain the house by a farcical tale of adventures of the hero in his efforts to escape the execution of a death sentence. Not exactly new, any of these escapes, but a novel and fairly amusing combination. A little compression is needed, for the dialogue

[Continued overleaf.]



NURSING IN LONDON, AND TO GO TO THE FRONT: MISS BLANCHE CHICHESTER CONSTABLE.

Miss Constable is the eldest daughter of Colonel Chichester Constable, of Burton Constable, Yorkshire. For some eight months she has been nursing in London; and she expects to go to the Front before long. She has two sisters doing hospital work. Her three brothers are in the Army.

Photograph by Bassano.

WARLAND

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